

that at 7 o'clock every morning (with a lantern in winter), and again in the evening, I went with my bucket and returned with the delicious, creamy product of the goat. Even now, when I see a jug with a pink band round it I somehow expect the milk from it to be sweeter and richer than any other. Such is the power of old association."

Miss Emily Marshall loves the horse—indeed she loves and admires horses of every description, "for they are beautiful creatures as a rule, and they are noted for obedience, patience, willingness to work, and are very clever, with wonderful instincts. . . . Horses are beautifully clean, too, and very particular about their feeding. . . . I once drove a white pony who always expected a glass of ale at the end of his journey before going home to his stable, and he would drink every drop out of the glass without spilling any if the tumbler was just held to his lips, but he would only take the ale out of a glass, which was very funny, and children used to ask to be allowed to see him have his drink. . . . Then we see some very beautiful carriage horses, who hold their heads so proudly, but it makes one turn sadly away at the sight of the bearing rein, which is so often used, and I am sure you, dear Editor, will agree that it is very, very cruel, and should be quite abolished, especially in dear old England, a free country, with all our societies for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals. . . . I also had another experience which endeared horses to me. We were driving one evening in the country, and on our return home we encountered a dense fog. We could not lead the horse, as we did not even know the road well, and we were quite twelve miles from home, so the only thing to do was to let the horse go its own way, and although I was extremely nervous and frightened the dear old thing took us safely home. I cannot tell you how much I loved him for his good care and cleverness, and, needless to say, he was rewarded with a real good meal and some sugar. I am sure he knew quite well how very much he was appreciated. Dear horses, you are so sensible!"

"Baby Leo," St. Bernard, writes:—"Although man's power is supreme over all other animals, his love is boundless; his devotion to, and care of *us* in sickness and health is unparalleled. During my short life (I'm not two years old yet) the love that has been lavished on me from Queen Alexandra downwards could never be repaid."

Progress of State Registration.

MEETING AT THE NURSES' LODGE, COLOSSEUM TERRACE.

It is evident that Miss Hulme believes in and encourages public-spiritedness, and the righteous doctrine of co-operation and community of interests. Once again her kind invitation to nurses and others, to attend a meeting on State Registration was well responded to, and there was quite a representative gathering at the Lodge on the afternoon of February 10th to listen to Miss Cox-Davies, Matron of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

Miss Hulme, who was in the chair, introduced the speaker in a few well-chosen words.

Miss Cox-Davies first read a paper on State Registration of Trained Nurses, contributed by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, to the Journal of the League of Royal Free Nurses, which was an excellent exposition. The salient points were, of course, what is involved in the demand for State Registration—namely, protection by the State: (1) for the sick from unskilled and unsafe nurses; (2) for the fully-trained nurse from unfair competition, and (3) that it would supply a guarantee to the public that the trained nurse was what she claimed to be—a skilled and qualified woman.

Miss Cox-Davies went on to give her own views upon the subject, and said that there was nothing the public was so ignorant about as trained nursing, and urged her hearers to work for this much-needed reform, and not to be apathetic in a matter of such vital importance. Her explanation of the Nursing Pageant and Masque, and its aims and objects, was listened to with great interest and attention, which has probably led to many more applications for tickets.

Miss Hulme afterwards entertained her guests to tea and coffee and dainty refreshments.

Judging from the comments which were heard, and overheard afterwards, the good lesson taught had been appreciated.

Miss Bella Crosby, who has succeeded Dr. Helen McMurchy in the editorial chair of *The Canadian Nurse*, publishes in the January number an Address on "Registration," which she delivered to the Alumnae Association of the Victoria Hospital, London, Canada, which is an able review of the position of the movement for State Registration of Nurses in different parts of the world.

In regard to Canada, Miss Crosby says:—

"Here in Canada we are not permitted to unite in a body and seek legal recognition from the Government of our Dominion. Educational

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